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HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY



SEASON 89

CONCERT 744

BOSTON SYMPHONY HALL

EASTER SUNDAY,

APRIL 3, 1904

AT 7.30 P.M.

Hora Novissima

(Horatio W. Parker)

Gallia

(Gounod)

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, *Conductor*

MR. H. G. TUCKER, *Organist*

A full orchestra from the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

Mr. KARL ONDRICEK, Principal

Chickering Piano used exclusively by the Handel and Haydn Society

SOLOISTS

Soprano MRS. KILESKE-BRADBURY

Alto MISS JANET SPENCER

Tenor MR. GLENN HALL

Bass MR. DAVID BISPHAM

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

BORN AT PARIS, JUNE 17, 1818.

DIED AT PARIS, OCTOBER 18, 1893

GALLIA

"Gallia," so called from the ancient Latin name of France, was composed by Charles Gounod at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, when his country was conquered by the Germans, and his beloved Paris were in the hands of the invader. He could find no words better suited to express the depths of his feeling than those of the mournful prophet. Third performance by the Handel and Haydn Society.

CHORUS.

Solitary lieth the city, she that was full of people!
How is she widowed! she that was great among nations,
Princess among the provinces, how is she put under tribute!
Sorely she weepeth in darkness, her tears are on her cheeks,
And no one offereth consolation, yea, all her friends have betrayed her,
They have become her enemies, they have betrayed her.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

Zion's ways do languish, none come to her solemn feasts:

SOPRANO SOLO.

All her gates are desolate; her priests sigh, yea, her virgins are afflicted
and she is in bitterness.

CHORUS.

Is it nothing to all ye that pass by?
Behold, and see if there be any sorrow that is like unto my sorrow;
Now behold, O Lord, look Thou on my affliction;
See the foe hath magnified himself.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O turn thee to the Lord thy God,
O turn thee, O turn thee unto thy God.

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER

Born in Auburndale, September 15, 1863

HORA NOVISSIMA

OPUS 30. Composed in 1892, for the Church Choral Society of New York. Produced in the Church of the Holy Trinity, May 3, 1893. Third performance by the Handel and Haydn Society.

Hymn by Saint Bernard of Cluny, about 1145

English version by Isabella G. Parker, 1892

PART ONE

I

CHORUS

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima
Sunt : vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter
Imminet arbiter
Ille supremus.

Imminet, imminet,
Ut mala terminet,
Æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret,
Anxia liberet,
Æthera donet.

Auferat aspera
Duraque pondera
Mentis onustæ,
Sobria muniat,
Improba puniat,
Utraque juste.

Cometh earth's latest hour :
Evil hath mighty power :
Now watch we ever.
Lo, the great judge appears,
O'er the unfolding years,
Watching for ever.

Mightiest, mightiest,
He is made manifest
Right ever crowning ;
True hearts in mansion fair,
Free from all anxious care,
Ever enthroning.

Bears he the painful goad,
Lightens the heavy load,
Heavy it must be ;
Giveth the rich reward,
Meteth the penance hard,
Each given justly.

II

QUARTET

Hic breve vivitur :
Hic breve plangitur :
Hic breve fletur :
Non breve vivere,
Non breve plangere,
Retribuatur.

O retributio !
Stat brevis actio,
Vita perennis :
O retributio !
Cælica mansio
Stat lue plenis.

Quid datur et quibus ?
Æther egentibus
Et cruce dignis,
Sidera vermibus,
Optima sontibus,
Astra malignis.

Here life is quickly gone :
Here grief is ended soon :
Here tears are flowing.
Life ever fresh is there,
Life free from anxious care,
God's hand bestowing.

O blessed Paradise !
Where endless glory lies,
Rapture unending.
O dwelling full of light,
Where Christ's own presence bright
Glory is lending.

Who shall this prize attain,
Who this blest guerdon gain,
Here the cross bearing ?
Crowns for the lowliest,
Thrones for the holiest,
Heaven's honours sharing.

Sunt modo prœlia,
 Postmodo præmia :
 Qualia? plena;
 Plena refectio,
 Nullaque passio,
 Nullaque pœna.

Now is the battle hour;
 Then great rewards our dower
 What are they? blessing;
 Blessings unknown before;
 Passion shall vex no more,
 Peace yet increasing.

III BASS AIR

Spe modo vivitur,
 Et Syon angitur
 A Babylone :
 Nunc tribulatio,
 Tunc recreatio,
 Sceptra, coronæ.

Zion is captive yet,
 Longing for freedom sweet,
 In exile mourning.
 Now is the hour of night;
 Then, crowned with full delight,
 Zion returning.

Tunc nova gloria
 Pectora sobria
 Clarificabit,
 Solvet enigmata,
 Veraque sabbata
 Continuabit.

Ever new glories still
 The inmost heart shall fill
 With joy supernal.
 All doubts shall disappear,
 When dawneth, calm and clear,
 Sabbath eternal.

Patria splendida,
 Terraque florida,
 Libera spinis,
 Danda fidelibus
 Est ibi civibus,
 Hic peregrinis.

O country glorious
 Love hath prepared for us,
 Thornless thy flowers.
 Given to faithful ones,
 There to be citizens :
 Such joy be ours.

IV CHORUS

Pars mea, rex meus,
 In proprio Deus
 Ipse decore
 Visus amabitur,
 Atque videbitur
 Auctor in ore.

Most mighty, most holy,
 How great is the glory
 Thy throne enfolding.
 When shall we see thy face,
 And all thy wonders trace,
 Joyful beholding?

Tunc Jacob Israel,
 Et Lia tunc Rachel
 Efficietur :
 Tunc Syon atria
 Pulcraque patria
 Perficietur.

All the long history,
 All the deep mystery,
 Through ages hidden.
 When shall our souls be blest,
 To the great marriage feast
 Graciously bidden?

V SOPRANO AIR

O bona patria,
 Lumina sobria
 Te speculantur :
 Ad tua nomina
 Sobria lumina
 Collacrymantur :

O country bright and fair,
 What are thy beauties rare?
 What thy rich treasure?
 Thy name brings joyful tears,
 Falling upon our ears,
 Sweet beyond measure.

Est tua mentio
 Pectoris unctio,
 Cura doloris,

Thou art the home of rest :
 Thy mention to the breast
 Gives bliss unspoken.

Concipientibus
Æthera mentibus
Ignis amoris.

Tu locus unicus,
Illeque cælicus
Es paradisus :
Non ibi lacryma,
Sed placidissima
Gaudia, risus.

Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have in songs of praise
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing :
There shall all tears be dry :
There in serenest joy
All shall be sharing.

VI

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Tu sine litore,
Tu sine tempore,
Fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis,
Estque tibi lapis
Undique vivus.

Est tibi laurea,
Dus datur aurea,
Sponsa decora,
Primaque principis
Oscula suscipis :
Inspicis ora.

Candida lilia,
Viva monilia
Sunt tibi, sponsa :
Agnus adest tibi,
Sponsus adest tibi,
Lux speciosa.

Tota negotia,
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita,
Quam bona præbita
Conjubilare.

Thou ocean without shore,
Where time shall be no more,
Dwelling most gracious ;
Fountain of love alone,
Thou hast the living stone,
Elect and precious.

Thou hast the laurel fair
The heavenly bride shall wear,
Robed in her splendor :
First shall the prince confer
All priceless gifts on her,
With glances tender.

There are the lilies white,
In garlands pure and bright,
Her brow adorning.
The Lamb her spouse shall be :
His light shines gloriously,
Fairer than morning.

There saints find full employ,
Songs of triumphant joy
Ever upraising.
They who are most beloved,
They who were tried and proved,
Together praising.

PART TWO

VII

TENOR SOLO

Urbs Syon aurea,
Patria lactea,
Cive decora,
Omne cor obruis :
Omnibus obstruis
Et cor et ora.

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
Lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia
Gaudia, gloria
Quam specialis :

Golden Jerusalem,
Bride with her diadem,
Radiant and glorious,
Temple of light thou art :
O'er mind and soul and heart
Thou art victorious.

Who can tell, who can tell,
What noble anthems swell
Through thy bright portal ?
What dear delights are thine,
What glory most divine,
What light immortal !

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
 Victa fatiscit :
O bona gloria,
Vincor : in omnia
 Laus tua vicit.

Longing thy joys to sing,
Worthily offering
 Love overflowing,
Glory most bright and good,
Feed me with heavenly food,
 New life bestowing.

VIII

DOUBLE CHORUS

Stant Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
 Martyre plena,
Cive micantia,
Principe stantia,
 Luce serena :

Est ibi pascua
Mitibus afflua,
 Præstita sanctis :
Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
 Est epulantis.

There stand those halls on high :
There sound the songs of joy
 In noblest measure.
There are the martyrs bright
In heaven's o'erflowing light ;
 The Lord's own treasure.

In pastures fresh and green
The white robed saints are seen,
 For ever resting :
The kingly throne is near,
And joyful shouts we hear,
 Of many feasting.

IX

ALTO SOLO

Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida
 Vestibus albis
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
 Ædibus almis :

Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
 Sunt sine lite,
In Syon ædibus
Editioribus
 Israelitæ.

People victorious,
In raiment glorious,
 They stand forever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving, through endless years,
 Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
 No more annoying ;
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
 Freely enjoying.

X

CHORUS

A Capella

Urbs Syon unica,
Mansio mystica,
 Condita cælo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo :
Nunc mihi lugeo :
 Tristor, anhelor.

Te quia corpore
Non queo, pectore
 Sæpe penetro ;
Sed caro terrea,
Terraque carnea,
 Mox cado retro.

City of high renown,
Home of the saints alone,
 Built in the heaven,
Now will I sing thy praise,
Adore the matchless grace
 To mortals given.

Vainly I strive to tell
All thy rich glories well,
 Thy beauty singing ;
Still, with the earnest heart,
Bear I my humble part,
 My tribute bringing.

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Turris et edita
Littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo,
Te flagro, te volo,
Canto, saluto :

Nec meritis peto ;
Nam meritis meto
Morte perire ;
Nec reticens tego,
Quod meritis ego
Filius iræ.

Vita quidem mea,
Vita nimis rea,
Mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus
Exitialibus
Obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo :
Præmia postulo
Speque fideque :
Illa perennia
Postulo præmia
Nocte dieque.

Me Pater optimus
Atque piissimus
Ille creavit :
In lue pertulit :
Ex lue sustulit :
A lue lavit.

O bona patria,
Num tua gaudia
Teque videbo ?
O bona patria,
Num tua præmia
Plena tenebo ?

O sacer, O pius,
O ter et amplius
Ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus :
O miser, O reus,
Hac viduatus.

Thou city great and high,
Towering beyond the sky,
Storms reach thee never :
I seek thee, long for thee ;
I love thee, I sing thee,
I hail thee ever.

Though I am unworthy
Of mercy before thee,
Justly I perish :
My follies confessing,
Nor claiming thy blessing,
No hope I cherish.

In deepest contrition,
Owning my condition,
My life unholy,
Burdened with guiltiness,
Weary and comfortless,
Help, I implore thee.

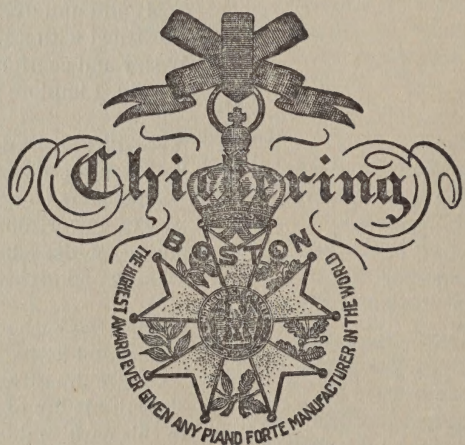
Yet will I faithfully
Strive those rewards to see,
Beckoning so brightly ;
Ask in unworthiness
Heavenly blessedness,
Daily and nightly.

For he, the Father blest,
Wisest and holiest,
Of life the giver,
Maketh his life to shine
In this dark soul of mine,
Dwelling for ever.

O land of full delight,
Thy peerless treasures bright,
May we behold them :
Thou home of beauty rare,
May we thy blessings share :
Priceless we hold them.

O blessèd for ever
A thousand fold they are
That rest attaining,
Most blessèd and holy
With thee in thy glory
For ever reigning.

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